

THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

VOLUME I.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1880.

NUMBER 17.

Poetry.

HOUSEWORK.

Washing, mopping, baking, churning;
Next day ironing must be done;
And the busy housewife findeth
Little rest till set of sun;
Then the knitting and the sewing,
With the buttonholes to make;
Oh! the patching and the darning—
How they make our fingers ache!

But of all the varied work
That we busy housewives find,
I do think that washing dishes
Is the most provoking kind;
Why, the times they must be handled
O'er and o'er, day after day,
Almost makes one wish the china
Were in bits for children's play!

Now, don't tell me I am wicked—
I know that as well as you;
But somehow, when I am weary,
Dishes make me feel so blue;
And the only cure I've found yet
Is a paper or a book,
When my family is settled—
Each in his own cosy nook.

I know well that very many
Have obtained needed grace,
With a patient, cheerful spirit,
All life's petty ills to face;
Oh! that I were of that number!
Then, with heart for any fate,
I might, with a cheerful spirit,
"Learn to labor and to wait."

OUR BABY.

Helpless infant, baby boy!
Mamma's pet and papa's joy—
Pride of their fond hearts to-day,
Smiling in your baby way
At the little world you see
As you lie on mamma's knee,
Looking up with pink, fat face,
Innocence and baby grace.

What more sweet than baby charms
Nestled there in mother's arms,
Folded to her heart so true,
She would give her life for you.
New-born love is pictured there
On her brow so pure and fair;
And her heart is full, to-night,
With a mother's fond delight.

For baby kisses freely given,
Thanks ascend in prayer to heaven,
From two hearts whose joy to-night
Fills the soul's deep measure quite.
O, what rapturous love she feels,
When beside thy crib she kneels,
As the evening shadows fall,
Making pictures on the wall,
Thinking of the years to be,
As she prays, dear one, for thee.

Baby boy, no tongue can tell
Of things which in the future dwell
But the God whose smiles endure
We will trust to keep thee pure—
Trusting in his love and power,
He will keep thee every hour,
Free from harm along life's way,
Watching o'er thee night and day,
And God's angels in their joy,
Will guide thy bright way home.

Haydn's Last Symphony.

A lady writer in the *Morning Star*, giving some interesting sketches of the great composers, relates these impressive anecdotes of Joseph Haydn and his famous symphonies. Haydn is best known by his immortal oratorio, the "Creation," whose composition occupied him ten years. On one of his symphonies, written during his service of thirty years for Prince Esterhazy, the following story is told. The Prince, in a fit of economy, resolved to dismiss his orchestra. Haydn wrote a farewell symphony.

The music began as a farewell dirge very solemnly. Suddenly the drummer stopped; shut his book, snuffed out his candle and left the orchestra. In a moment the fluted did the same; the trombone man soon followed. Then another snuffed out his candle and left; then another and another, till only one violin was left playing alone. The Prince took the hint and retained his musicians.

After Haydn became too old and feeble to conduct his orchestra at Vienna, he was carried to the concert-room to hear one of his symphonies for the last time.

When it was over he bowed to the audience, and turning to his musicians, spread out his thin hands and blessed them in the earnest German fashion, with trembling voice and tearful eyes.

Soon after this the war between France and Austria began, and clouds of powder and smoke filled his little suburban cottage in the outskirts of Vienna, where, on the 31st of May, 1809, the old composer lay dying.

Creeping from his bed, he sat once more at his instrument, and sang boldly and clearly the Austrian national hymn. On the last notes, the voice trembled and died away. The roar of cannon sounded louder and louder, but the old musician heard it no more. With the dying notes of "God Save the Emperor," the brave and gentle spirit had passed away.

If the golden rule was practiced more; if people would always do unto others as they would that they should do unto them; if they remembered that what pained and injured their feelings would have the same effect on others; and carefully abstained from inflicting wounds in another's heart, how much more happiness would there be in the world! Remember the rule is: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you; not do unto others as they do unto you."—Selected.

TONS OF DOLLARS.

Vast Piles of Silver in the New-York Sub-Treasury.

In view of the complaint of Assistant Treasurer Hillhouse, in his recent letter to Secretary Sherman, concerning the great and increasing accumulation of silver at the Sub-Treasury, in this city, some additional facts on the subject were obtained recently, by a reporter of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Britton, the cashier, and Mr. Ashley, the chief of the coin division, exhibited the huge vault for the storage of silver, which has been constructed in the basement of the Sub-Treasury. In the various compartments of this vault, which is 47 feet long, 27 feet wide and 12 feet high, inside measurement, there are now stowed away about \$20,410,000 silver, amounting in weight to about 612½ tons. The \$65,125,000 in gold at the Sub-Treasury weighs but 160½ tons and in bulk the proportion of gold to silver is but as one to twenty-seven. Of the vast mass of silver, there are about \$47,000 in half-dimes, \$1,004,000 in dimes, \$3,238,000 in quarters, \$3,650,000 in halves and \$12,477,000 in standard dollars. No trade dollars are received, but the "buzzard" standard dollar continues to pour in and to pile up, without being of use, apparently, to any one. They are packed in canvas bags containing \$1,000 each and weighing between fifty-nine and sixty pounds, which are ranged in the vaults row upon row, and are constantly nearing both the roof and the passage-way. In order to prevent confusion, it is necessary of course, to keep each denomination of coin separate, and this fact assists to limit the available space for the dollars. The capacity of the vault has not yet been reached by any means, and will not be when many millions more have been received, but there are serious objections to cramming the compartments as full as possible. With the carelessness in stowing which is practiced, there may not be much danger of bursting the iron lattice-work partitions by the lateral pressure of the coin; but the packing of the bags in so many tiers tends to make it very difficult to count the deposits correctly at the regular inspections. A rehandling of the bags on every occasion of counting is, of course, out of the question, when the weight and bulk involved are so enormous.

Small silver coins are continually flowing into the Sub-Treasury for redemption, the Manhattan Railway Company alone sometimes presenting as much as \$25,000 worth at a time. They are redeemed by silver certificates, which are easily disposed of through banks to importers, as they are receivable for customs dues, and so the certificates quickly come back to the Sub-Treasury through the Custom House. The great increase of silver in the Sub-Treasury is due, however, to the law requiring the coinage of \$2,000,000 a month in silver dollars. The Government depositories at San Francisco, Cincinnati, and Chicago were all filled early in March. There was but little additional room in the depositories of Washington, Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis, their available capacity being only for about \$2,000,000 more. In consequence, nearly all of the newly-coined silver is sent to this city, and, as but comparatively little of it is paid out, it is not strange that the officers of the Sub-Treasury are beginning to question what the result will be if Congress permits the stream to flow on unchecked.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

A young Oil City citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*. And a young married man on South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*. And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*. And a fourth wife of a district attorney calls him Necessity, because he knows no law.—*New Orleans Times*. And a Syracuse man calls his wife sloop, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays out to the lodge.—*Syracuse Times*. A Yonkers man calls his wife frailty, because Shakespeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman."—*Yonkers Gazette*. And a New York insurance agent calls his wife Honesty, because it's the best policy.—*New York Herald*. And a Norristown man calls his wife Mary Jane, because that is her name.—*Norristown Herald*. And a Detroit man calls his wife Darling, because that isn't her name. She's a regular vixen.—*Detroit Free Press*. And a Chicago man calls his wife Enough, because she is as good as a feast.—*Chicago Ledger*.

We wonder if some ministers realize how long they preach; if they know how tedious it is to hear the same things repeated half a dozen times over, when in the first place they are hardly worth saying? And to keep on and on, long after they have exhausted the subject, trying to say something, when it has no connection with the text whatever? Short sermons, directly to the point, will win the attention, fasten the truth, and be productive of good. Brethren, stop when you get through.—Selected.

No manner of speaking is so offensive as giving praise and closing it with an exception.

(New York Herald.)

WHAT LOVE IS.

ITS SCRIPTURAL MEANING AS EXPLAINED BY RABBI HUEBSCH—FAITH AND REASON ALIKE THE GIFT OF THE CREATOR.

Rev. Dr. Adolph Huebsch preached at the "Ahawath Chesed" Synagogue, Saturday, 5th inst., from Deuteronomy—"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and with all thy might." I made you aware, in a former sermon, said the Doctor, of the difference between the first four books of the Pentateuch and the fifth, called Deuteronomy. The former chronicle facts and laws in a strict historical and legal sense, and in a style simple and at times even dry as peculiar to sober pragmatism. The latter aims more to evince the transcendence of the national events and divine laws, and to show their full bearing on the human mind. The distinction enables us to explain the peculiar fact why we do not meet in the first four books with even one single appeal to the human heart in regard to the fulfillment of the divine behests, while the fifth book abounds in such appeals on all its pages. Twenty times is the expression "love" used in the Pentateuch as describing the due relation between God and man, and the whole number, with the exception of one instance, belongs to the deuteronomist. Those who are accustomed to look upon the Pentateuch as upon a fabric of mere old and cold law should turn over and read the complementing and explanatory pages of the fifth book, and they will find all the warmth of life and love. Our text, consisting of one short verse, is a little Bible in itself, containing the foundation and the pinnacle of all true religion. After the unity of the Supreme Ruler is solemnly declared, all the duties of man toward his Heavenly Father are comprised in the one sentence,

"AND THOU SHALT LOVE THE ETERNAL GOD."

But this feeling is well defined—how it must be conceived and cultivated in order that it might be perfect and not one-sided. The first condition of this love is "with all thy heart." This means, let thy adherence to thy Maker be simple, unsophisticated, childlike. Let Him be thy greatest boon in this world; let Him be thy hope for the hereafter. Harbor feelings of thanks toward Him in times of prosperity, and fold in trustful prayer thy hands when the flood of sorrow and anguish presses upon thee. The love of the heart represents that unreserved belief which says, "I resign myself unreservedly into the hands of my Maker." Happy are they who possess such belief. There is the true wisdom and strength of life. But in spiritual matters the heart alone is not sufficient. The second condition of true love toward God is, "with all thy soul." Is it possible to unite a childlike heart with a penetrating and deeply reasoning spirit? Why not? The greatest of our prophets combine simplicity with lofty thought. They are at the same time the teachers of the heart and of the mind. The fact is, a heart imbued with love toward God will find in its belief a source of sublime wisdom which leads on in development and reveals the real truth.

FAITH AND REASON BOTH FROM GOD.

It is not true that faith and reason are two contending parties in man; they are both the gift of one Creator, and both, in harmonious co-operation, elevate the human being to true manhood. Faith without reason is unreasonable, blind belief; reason without faith is a faithless man; reason who squanders the best possession of his master; both are detrimental to man. Begin to love God with your heart and then proceed to love Him with your soul, then you will find the evidence of His presence in nature as the child finds the evidence of the presence of a loving parent in all the arrangements of the dear, parental house. Yes, you will experience that faith and reason do not turn the flaming sword against one another, that they rather jointly watch with their flaming swords your paradise; they are the angels of peace destined to be the guardians of true human happiness. There is, however, a third condition necessary in order to complete this love to God and to make it perfect; "with all thy might" is the third and last stage of this love. There shall not be such a thing as a discrepancy between creed and deed. Our deed must be the reflex of our pure sentiment, of our noble thought. The love to our fellow man as shown in our actions is nothing else but the reflex of that sublime love which binds our whole being to Him who is the fountain head of that vivifying principle which keeps the universe, which keeps mankind together—love. Understand well your Judaism and no emergency will be strong enough to make you say before the world, "I am no Jew!" Evince rather by your noble sentiments, by your upright and godly thoughts, by your charitable actions, I am a Jew—that will bring you the esteem of your fellowmen and the love of God.

"Tom," said the girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you make known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

The Intellectual Value of the Study of Hebrew.

The report of her Majesty's Inspector upon the recent examination of the Westminster Jews' Free School, which we published last week, contained the following significant sentence: "I am convinced that the mental quality of the scholars in both departments here is much raised by the study of a second language, the Hebrew." The words ought to be written in letters of gold, and exhibited in a prominent place in every Jewish house. They throw quite a different light upon the value of Hebrew studies from that in which so many Jewish parents regard it. It is only too notorious that Jewish children are allowed to treat the study of the sacred language with increasing neglect, and that the time it absorbs is frequently considered ill-spent because it interferes with the cultivation of more important branches of knowledge. We are not concerned now to point out how mistaken this notion is from the Jewish and religious point of view. We are anxious to draw the attention of those whom it may concern to the fact that it is equally a mistake from the utilitarian standpoint. We have it on the authority of one most capable of pronouncing an opinion upon educational questions, and of one, moreover, who is not likely to be swayed by any sentimental prepossessions in dealing with this particular question, that the study of Hebrew, as a second language, conduces to the intellectual advantage of school-children. If he be so, then it must be an error to grudge the time which Jewish children devote to this subject. Parents have a weakness for the classics and mathematics. They may rest assured that their children derive as much mental benefit from the task of struggling with the difficulties of the Biblical text, if properly taught, as from that of grappling with other ancient literatures. And as for culture, Homer and Virgil, to say the very least, cannot exert a more refining and expanding influence upon the mind than Isaiah or Micah or Job. It has always seemed remarkable to the uninitiated that, despite the large claims which the study of Hebrew makes upon the time and energies of the pupils of our communal schools, they compare favorably, in point of proficiency in secular knowledge, with children taught elsewhere. The explanation of the circumstance is suggested by the remark of her Majesty's Inspector, on which we are commenting. The study of Hebrew in Jewish schools, far from interfering with their general efficiency, has helped to produce it. The study of two languages instead of one has sharpened the intelligence of the children, and enabled them to grasp more readily the instruction given them in secular subjects. There can be no doubt that the study of Hebrew has been of benefit to the race generally as well as to the children in the schools. The intellectual advantages which it conferred in childhood have remained in adult age, and stood their possessor in good stead in his conflict with the world. It is impossible to say how much of the mental superiority which the Jew displays may not be due to the excellent training he has enjoyed, through the study of the sacred language, in addition to the vernacular, in his early years. It is certain that, being accustomed to two languages, he has been the better able to overcome the difficulties of other tongues. Thus it is that the linguistic aptitude has become one of the characteristic endowments of the Jewish mind. The existence of this faculty is well known to the attentive observer. In the East it is the Jew who is the indispensable "go-between" of different nationalities. Even in Europe the interpreters who are found in the towns where the highways of travel converge are mostly Jews. A favorite occupation for our coreligionists in nearly every country is that of a teacher of languages. It is possible that this circumstance is to some extent the result of a transmitted aptitude which has been produced in the Jewish mind by the struggle for existence. "The tribes of the wandering foot," whose destiny seemed for so many years to be that of "the fugitive and the vagabond," had necessarily to visit lands in which various tongues were spoken. To acquire a knowledge of diverse languages was a necessity forced upon the Jew of old by his unhappy lot. The power thus created has possibly become hereditary. But we may fairly believe that it would not have shown such persistent vitality had it not been preserved by the continuous study of Hebrew.—*Jewish Chronicle* May 11.

There is no communion so sweet, so safe, so honorable and advantageous as communion with God. There is that in it which exactly suits, fully satisfies, and infinitely delights the sublime and capacious powers of the immortal soul. Sensual delights are momentary, and rather surfeit than satisfy, often leaving a sting behind; but, in communion with God, the soul finds its center and rest. Here the spirit returns to God who gave it. Here all the scattered beauties in the wide creation are found collected together. Not the most exquisite painting to the limner's eye, nor the softest strains to the musician's ear, nor the sweetest fragrance to the smell, or most delicious food to the palate, are worthy to be compared with the blessedness of communion with God.

Death of a Famous Composer.

M. Samuel Naumbourg, the celebrated Paris Chazan and composer of Synagogue Music, died at St. Mandé, on the 1st. M. Naumbourg, who was a native of Bavaria, after having occupied the post of Chazan at Besancon and director of the choir at the Temple at Strasburg, became in the year 1845 Chazan at Paris—a post which he had filled ever since. M. Naumbourg was a consummate musician, and was not only successful in organizing on a solid basis the choirs which took so prominent a part in the services at the Paris Synagogues, but he likewise composed a large number of charming and inspiring melodies, which have become universally popular not only throughout France, but in many parts of the Continent; and which, happily, have been preserved in a collection published by the composer a few years ago. He likewise resuscitated by setting it according to modern notation, the beautiful music of Rossi, which, but for M. Naumbourg, would never again have seen the light. In 1875, a translation of the interesting and erudite preface to the collection of ancient and modern music published by M. Naumbourg, appeared in these columns under the sanction of the author. In private life he was highly esteemed, and was ever ready to assist either with his purse or with his advice. The Jews of Paris will ever remember, with pleasurable feelings, the solemn manner in which he conducted the services on the night of the Day of Atonement (*Kol Nidre*), and wherewith he was wont to make a deep impression on the congregation. About a year ago the title of Officer of the Academy was bestowed upon him as a recompense for a lengthy and laborious career. The funeral of the deceased took place at the Montparnasse Cemetery on Monday week, and was attended by many of the Chazanim of Paris, as well as by the Grand Rabbis of France and Paris, both of whom delivered addresses at the cemetery.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

The Jews of Morocco.

Mr. Guedalla has received the following gratifying letter in English from the Prime Minister of Spain: "Madrid, May 11, 1880. H. Guedalla, Esq., London. Dear Sir:—I duly received, along with your letter dated 21st ult., a copy of your able and correct translation of my speech in the Congress of Deputies, on the subject of international questions concerning the rights and usages affecting the foreign subjects of friendly governments and who reside in the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco. I thank you sincerely both for the flattering manner in which you speak of myself and for the useful information your pamphlet contains. It is with pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity to make you the offer of my utmost good will in behalf of yourself and your co-religionists. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"CANOVAS DE CASTILLO."

Captain Ammen's Decision.

The following account is related of Admiral Ammen of the United States Navy: "Soon after the California gold fever broke out the Admiral, then Captain Ammen, was ordered to take command of three or four hundred recruits, and convey them from New York to California by way of Central America. Beside these men, the vessel was crowded with women and children on their way to join husbands and fathers in the land of gold. Six days out from New York the sailors showed symptoms of insubordination, and finally mutinied outright, the ship's crew joining in the revolt. The captain lost control of his men, and the suspense that followed was agonizing. Suddenly, before the mutineers had a chance to agree on any concerted plan of action, the young naval officer appeared on deck in full uniform, and ordered his recruits to their places, counseling the crew in the meantime to return to their duties. The leader insolently ordered him 'to step down from there,' there meaning the quarter-deck. He did step down; a growl of triumph went up from the insubordinates, and a shudder of horror swept through the passengers, who had hoped against hope, that the will of one man could control the threatening storm. Then Captain Ammen walked quickly forward, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and drawing a line across the deck, said in a quiet way, that he would shoot the first man who crossed it. Then he drew out a pistol and waited the result. A shout of derision went up, and the leader sprang forward with an oath, only to fall shot to the heart; he was followed by another and another, both of whom shared the same fate, the three bodies forming an ugly barricade. The quiet bravery of the man, his promptness and unerring aim, coupled with his vested authority, told on the mutineers, and soon the revolt was over, the leaders in irons, quiet restored, and the lives of hundreds of passengers were saved."

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Bright Things.

A LADY boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied: "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

Why is it that a woman's heart beats fifteen times less per minute than a man's? It is because her tongue beats thirty times per minute more.

A FRENCH provincial playbill, in setting forth the particulars of a new drama, announces that the roles of thieves will be played by amateurs of the town.

Miss HARRIET HOSMER is still trying to discover the secret of perpetual motion. If a woman cannot find it we may just as well let the secret alone.

"Why," the little boy asked, "do you blow down the muzzle of your gun?" "To see," replied the man, "if it is— And just then he discovered it was."

DEBATING societies are asking: "Can the goat reason?" and an exchange remarks: "He can. He tears down and eats bills announcing amateur theatrical performances."

THE small boy who can ride a three-wheeled velocipede in the hall, and beat a drum at the same time, has qualities calculated to make home happy—when he is away on a visit.

On the approaching Fourth of July an American flag will be formally presented to the city of Boston by the city of New Orleans, which looks as if the late war was about over.

"MAMMA, do you know how I get into bed so quick?" said a little girl, "No, my darling. How do you?" "Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out 'Rats!' and scare myself right in!"

An old lady with a large family, living near a river, was asked if she did not live in constant fear that some of them would be drowned. "Oh, no," she replied; "we have only lost three or four that way."

For the first time in fifty-eight years it is now legal to smoke on the streets of Boston, and a Mormon church was dedicated in Chicago a few weeks ago. Those Eastern cities are bound to progress.

THE *Syracuse Herald* knows an editor who has been married about two weeks, who frankly admits that "women isn't so bad after all." Give him time, replies the experienced local of a Lockport paper.

The fear of infection caused some persons at Memphis to burn all their clothing and even the prayer-book of a deceased yellow fever patient was consigned to the flames; but six ten dollar bills found on his person were religiously preserved.

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your price for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Now-a-days most everybody wears such a long face we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh—Walsh," responded Paddy; "are you from Dublin? I knew two old maids by that name. Was either of them your mother?"

A school-teacher who had just been telling the story of David, ended with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago. A little cherub, its blue eyes opening with wonder, said, after thought, 'Oh dear, marm, what a memory you have got.'"

A perplexed German, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously, that "De coat is goot. It was no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim!"

Nervous old gentleman to watchmaker—"No, none of them will do. I want a watch that won't go tick, tack, tick, tack, all the night long. I hate to hear a watch tick, for it keeps me awake." Watchmaker: "Ah! I see, sir. You want one of the 'silent watches' of the night. I don't keep 'em."

The German comic newspapers have a picture of a youth astride of a horse which the father is anxious to dispose of to a customer, and the boy, who is in ignorance of the nature of the bargain, leans from the saddle, and whispers to his parent, "Father, shall I ride him to buy or to sell?"

Too much presence of mind is a rare surplus in man or woman. It may make as queer mistakes as excitement itself. A Southern lady, while preparing to retire for the night, thought she saw the eye of a full-length portrait of Washington wink. She had heard of burglars hiding behind pictures, but she did not scream and faint. She took off the diamonds, and opening the drawer as if to put them in it, took out a revolver and quickly discharged six shots into the head of the portrait; and the servants rushed in and found there was no burglar there, and the \$2,500 picture was spoiled for nothing. Presence of mind and coolness don't want to be accompanied by too much imagination.

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San Francisco, Friday, June 18, 1890.

The National Democratic Convention will assemble at Cincinnati next Tuesday, 22d inst.

"WHAT LOVE IS," is the text from which Rev. Dr. A. Huebsch preached a sermon in New York, re-printed on our first page.

"THE Poetry of the Talmud" is the title of a volume edited by Mr. S. Sekles, of New York. The work has received very favorable comment.

We have received several communications upon "Our Girls" and "Our Boys," which we respectfully decline to publish. The arguments advanced by the writers have already been sufficiently traversed in these columns, and we further believe that the subject of controversy should be dismissed altogether.

SPECTACULAR BLASPHEMY.

Such is the epithet applied by the American Israelite to the "Passion Play," which has been repeatedly produced each decade at Ober-Ammergau, Germany, and the representation of which, in this city last year, under direction of Mr. Salmi Morse, caused such a great sensation. The occasion of this outburst from the Israelite, was a London cablegram saying "that the play had been produced in Germany in presence of large numbers of English and American clergymen" chaplained by a local duke, and that "the interest excited by the performance continues unabated." The Israelite is thrown into spasms of holy indignation that such an outrage to the Christian religion—should be permitted even in atheistic Germany. This is indeed a new departure for Jews. One would have supposed that if English clergymen with a duke at their head, were quite satisfied with "the pathos and feeling" evoked by the acting, the Israelite would take no offense, and that it would conclude all to have been most decorous, reverend and edifying. But no one can now a-days forecast human judgments, especially in America. To please all is as difficult now, as when Esop gave us the fable of the old man, his son and the donkey! But the whole article in justification of the position taken, is the most curious (emanating from a recognized Jewish source), we ever read. "We call that Passion Play," says the editor with a force evidently indicating a secret misgiving that he might be blundering, "a spectacular blasphemy, and will call it so if all the dukes and clergymen in creation attend it." What an outcrop of obstinacy in this little sentence. Let Reason lash as she may (it seems to say), we shall not budge from our position. Nevertheless, we ask: "How can an article and appropriate dramatization in tragedy of the life and death of Jesus in conformity with the Christian writings, tend to lower either the religious feelings, associated with the deified martyr or religion itself? At first sight we judge it would have just the opposite effect; and we find upon examination that this is always what it has had both among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in our own day among the Roman Catholics. The latter sect know too well the power for good over ordinary human minds of a religious drama, to indulge in the inane tirades with like Hemphill and well-meaning, but narrow-minded parsons like Platt, have plagued us. To dilate upon what must be the theoretic result of an effort to stimulate the sluggish minds of men and women to a greater love of truth, heroism and self-sacrifice by re-producing to their senses (in the only way possible) the scenes depicted in the Gospel, would be very needless for any who not imprisoned in the gossamer yet indissoluble phantasms of their own creating. And for the last we do not write; these we give up as beyond redemption;—and as to the actual experimental result, we should think that the incident of his own life, narrated to Mr. Morse by Archbishop-Allemany, and the cause of his dedicating himself to God, viz, his witnessing once a Passion Play at Rondo, is enough upon which to rest this part of our case.

Had our sapient Aldermen—when solicited to suppress this play by three or four fanatics—voted Mr. Morse an appropriation for the perfecting of its cast and scenery, they would have acted more like true patrons of morality and of art, than can foster now, as in the past, what is best and noblest in our nature, than by timidly yielding to the insensate screams of a few alarmists.

The whole article, we must remark, is in a high degree, as bold as it is illogical. What has "loafers and rowdies in Christendom cursing one another with the name of God," to do with the matter in hand? Under what nightmare was the author of "Spectacular Blasphemy" laboring when he wrote: God and His holy will are presented by lascivious individuals to hilarious crowds. When and where has this or we should rather say, could this have taken place? To crown all we have at the close of the article a wrong allegation—a ghost raised for those who are silly enough to take the cheat for a reality. "Because," he says, "you burlesque your God, your God becomes a burlesque!" By whom has the Christian God been burlesqued? The best objects of religion—the moving of both heart and brain in admiration of what is pure and noble, and in detestation of what is vile and sinful—are clearly promoted by the pictures that a Passion Play must give—certainly for all who think Jesus the highest type of human excellence. And this is what we are told burlesques religion! Well might reasoning Christians turn upon the Israelite and say: And even though our religion should "die out" in the glare of an in-judicious or unseemly materialization, can this be consistently an offense to you? Could you consistently deplore such an event? We can take care of ourselves, friend Jew. To you we say in the words of the poet:

Non defensoribus istis
Christus noster eget.

UNION OF YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATIONS.

We are much pleased to perceive from a circular letter issued by the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia, that a Union (of some sort), of "kindred societies" in America is contemplated. Though the object stated, viz: "the periodical publication of articles of interest to the associated societies" seems to us very limited and even trifling, yet we have no doubt, that when the originators mature their plans, and have some experience to guide them, much good may be evolved to Jews in general by a common bond or some medium for the interchange of thought. We should most gladly use our paper to forward this movement. A few suggestions from us will, perhaps, be not unacceptable.

First, A general fund may be created in the manner mentioned for the monthly issuance of a magazine, specially devoted to the interests of the Union, as well as to those of Jews in general. Its columns to be open to all suitable communications from any source, and to the discussion of all subjects, particularly those of a literary, politico-economic or philosophical character.

Second, Many privileges and courtesies could be secured, as rights to traveling members, etc.; and even much could be done in a worldly way for well recommended strangers who may wish to settle in any place. In the latter way, the societies could easily become often beneficiary like the Masons, Odd Fellows, etc., without any formal or taxing machinery. The Young Men's Hebrew Associations, if properly worked in union, may easily become a social, and even political power in the land. There are many disabilities even in America—outcroppings of the old cancer—under which we labor, that may be removed if we will only present a firm and imposing front to the surging world around us. Just imagine young men, if you, as a united formidable body, were to assume the offensive, instead of the defensive in putting down every insult and injury to your race, and imitate, in all directions, the manly noble bearing of Nathan Meyer of London, (author of *Panchristism* in the *Jewish Chronicle*), battling merely for his faith, what results you might achieve! You would have the satisfaction of forcing your enemies at least to fear and respect you, while you would greatly strengthen the hands of your friends. It is high time that the Jews abandon altogether the snickering, apologizing, conciliating policy of the past. This has been found not only "utterly wanting" but most baneful to our best interests. We have too long pointed a "dreadful example" of the adage "*celui qui s'excuse s'accuse*." Let us organize in a "union of thought" upon this if upon no other point, and with care and good counsel we shall be able to swim successfully on every tide, more than that, perhaps, to influence greatly the direction it shall take. Let us take a lesson for success from our inveterate foes, the Romanists, the lowest in the planes of political and religious

elevation. They combine, adhere, plot and plan ceaselessly, in a perfect mechanical union, for one object—the acquisition of power, and we know, but too well, with what success. We who have had every spiritual advantage that they lacked, for the same acquisition, stand to-day by our own supineness or false policy, the least among the nations, and to this very hour are in some parts of the world, like sheep as of old, buffeted about and driven to slaughter. The time we think, has come when truth and light should assert themselves for our benefit and that of the nations. If the phalanx of our united societies, like that of the chivalrous Adolphus, move with beneficent intent to take its part in the universal fray, be sure that it will come out triumphant, wearing as it may, the impenetrable armor of just thought and true philosophy bequeathed us from the past.

Local Lines.

WALTER H. LEVY ESQ., is President of the Young Men's Central Democratic Club.

The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, fought June 17, 1775, the first regular struggle of the revolution, was celebrated yesterday.

Mr. H. D. WOOLFE lectured in the rooms of the Young Men's Hebrew Association Tuesday night, upon the subject, "China—its language and family laws."

LAZARUS COHN, resident of this city for a number of years, committed suicide, by shooting himself in the head, Monday about 12 o'clock, m., in Belden place. The rash act was caused by despondency, the result of financial difficulties. The deceased was a native of Bavaria, forty-six years of age.

The Picnic in aid of the funds of the Ladies Hebrew Benevolent Society at Pine Grove Park, last Sunday, was a social and financial success. The committee of gentlemen selected for the occasion performed their arduous duties in a most acceptable manner.

The play of "Still Waters Run Deep" will be produced under the auspices of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, at Saratoga Hall, Wednesday evening, July 14th. The cast of characters is all that could be desired. Upon the conclusion of the play a few hours will be devoted to dancing.

The Young Men's Hebrew Association of Oakland, at their regular meeting last Tuesday, 15th inst., elected the following officers: President, George Samuels; Vice-President, George Mosbacher; Recording Secretary, F. E. Bernstein; Financial Secretary, J. Hirschberg; Treasurer, Henry Alexander; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. Feibush. The Association contemplates giving an entertainment next month.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Simon Gerstmann and Mr. H. Ross, of Sacramento, paid our office a visit yesterday.

Betrothed.

BARNETT—FALK—Barney Barnett of Pioche, Nevada, to Gussie Falk, of this city.

Married.

NORDMAN—ABRAMS—In this city, June 13, at the residence of the bride's parents, 909 McAllister street, by Rev. Dr. E. Cohn, Leon Nordman to Belle Abrams, both of this city.

Born.

BACHMAN—In this city, June 15, to the wife L. S. Bachman, a daughter.
ROSENTHAL—In this city, June 16, to the wife of L. Rosenthal, a daughter.

Some men talk like angels, and pray with fervor, and meditate in deep recesses, and speak to God with loving affection and words of union, and adhere to him in silent devotion, and when they go abroad, are as passionate as ever, peevish as a frightened fly, vexing themselves with their own reflection. They are cruel to their neighbors, and unmerciful to their tenants, and as proud as a barbarian prince. They are, for all their fine words, impatient of reproach, scornful to their neighbors, lovers of money, supreme in their own thoughts, and submit to no one. All their spiritual fancy is an illustration. They are still under the power of their passions, and their sins rule them imperiously, and carry them away infallibly.

Our conscience is a fire within us, and our sins are the fuel; instead of warming it will scorch us unless the fuel be removed, or the heat of it allayed by penitential tears.

RESISTANCE to small temptations gives strength to overcome great ones. All the moral strength which a man can gain he will sooner or later need.

Communications.

In Reply To "A Friend of the Cause."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JEWISH TIMES.—Sir:—Ostensibly your correspondent of last week, who essayed to ventilate his opinion of the Y. M. H. A. of this city, is either an outsider, biased by false conclusions, arrived at by a very slight acquaintance with the workings of the society, or a new member, who utters grievances under the same conditions, because he does not possess sufficient interest in the organization to attend frequently and learn its history.

Were he, what he signs himself, "a friend of the cause," his inquiries would have taught him, that lectures on such topics as he seemingly advocates, have been delivered by Messrs. J. R. Brandon, Alex. Delmar, Rev. H. Vidaver and Dr. A. B. Arnold, upon different occasions and much to the regret of the society, the last lectures were so poorly attended that the society, out of consideration for the feelings of the lecturers, and to spare them the humiliation of lecturing to empty benches, resolved to change the lecture programme from Jewish subjects to such as are more powerful for attraction. You demand of us lectures on Jewish subjects, that shall strengthen us in the faith—make us proud of the heritage of being descended from the glorious men and women resplendent in art, in letters, in great achievements, who have worn the name of Israel in all the centuries.

Does the writer of last week's article know that unless he has an inherent love for Judaism, fostered by careful home culture, no amount of lecture treatises or discussions, can ever create a feeling that should be spontaneous and not a habit—the like as can be acquired or laid aside like a garment.

Does he know, that as a "true friend of the cause," he ought to be ashamed to demand an incentive to raise his enthusiasm for Judaism; his very love for the cause should be his motive in taking the initiative himself, in creating a love for the faith among his companions; we must work in private, among ourselves—every man must think himself an apostle, and when the opportunity presents itself, impress his surroundings with this true and fervent interest for the cause.

We have been compelled through the poverty of the organization, to raise funds to defray expenses, by presenting the Cantata of Esther (a Jewish subject), etc. We have been compelled to do this, because so many "friends of the cause" are conspicuous in our rooms through their absence, and whose names are absent from our rolls through their negligardness. Our rooms are plainly but neatly appointed; the "acrimonious debates on mooted points" are simply the outgrowth of that true sociability that exists in the society, and that cause in their practice, the development of talent that might otherwise lie dormant.

If he be what he signs himself, he would, if a member (which I hope), take a more active part in the association than he does, he would use his power to induce young men to join us, and try to swell our means and numbers, and thus enable us, sustained by cash, to execute those projects that we now willingly would, but cannot. FRANK.

"A Friend to the Cause" Speaks again.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14, '80.
EDITOR JEWISH TIMES:—In advance of a rejoinder that may be made to my letter of last week, I wish, with your kind permission to say a few words to set up any ripple of unpleasantness that might be engendered by my remarks about the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

Simply have I to premise that my suggestions were not made in any carping spirit, nor from any want of appreciation of my brothers. But have for sponsor the very best of good will, and if in their enunciation I have sought the leverage of the Jewish Press to awaken and encourage a spirit of enthusiasm for the principles and work that should—in my humble opinion—occupy the earnest attention of the Y. M. H. A.; it has been done because I sincerely believe that so much genuine talent, culture and refinement as is found among its membership should be utilized for the honor and glory of our people.

This is not dictated because I fear in any sense to meet the issue I have raised, for if my personality is not sufficiently established by private utterances, I shall, should such be called for at open meeting, in *propria persona* acknowledge the letter, and defend its propositions.

With kindness to all—malice toward none I again subscribe myself
"A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE."

A Flower Mission Wanted.

EDITOR OF THE JEWISH TIMES:—"Twas a lovely thought to make the hours, As they floated in light away, By the opening and the folding flowers That laugh to the summer's day."

I wonder if it has ever occurred to my sisters in religion, that the charge of elaneness that has so often been laid at our door, contains more than a grain of truth.

It is, however, not this question that I desire to discuss—I leave that to older minds; but I would like to ask why none of our young Jewesses have never interested themselves in that noble work, known as the Flower Mission?

There are to-day in our fair city hundreds of my sisters, who, now that their diplomas are framed and hung on the wall, are at a loss as how to occupy many hours of their time. Why not let us not either join the Flower Mission that is now so well established, or organize one of our own. It need by no means be exclusive, nor need it conflict with the noble one already in existence. Surely none would refuse to lend his aid; now that the very air is heavy with the fragrance of flowers, that a little ten cent piece so often

spent on sweets for our palates, can at any street-corner purchase a bunch of beautiful roses, pansies or other flowers. Who can or would refuse? Who will?

If some one will undertake the organization, large numbers would enroll themselves in the cause, or if more practicable, we can join the now existing mission, and let our sick and suffering also know the wordless comfort that flowers can bring.

We are known as a most charitable people, our purses are ever open, but as much good as money can and does do, money is not all; the heart and mind also need comfort, and to the sufferer on his weary pallet, what delightful thoughts may not be awakened by a simple bunch of roses:

"When I, O, God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teacher or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

As I before remarked, there are so many among us who have so little to do that it would help us to pass our time in well doing, besides one generous action leads to another. While we are contributing to the comfort and cheer of others, we can do good to ourselves for

"To me the meaneast flower that blows can
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Yours truly,

CHATTERBOX.

Book Reviews.

"Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century."

This is the title of a volume lately published at Philadelphia, Pa., of which Henry Samuel Morais is the author. It has been our intention for some time past to express our views upon this book, which the author—in his preface—describes as *Unique*, but we have delayed doing so until the present moment, in order that we might carefully read it, and impartially treat it.

In its assumption of being a reliable Bibliography, the book certainly merits the title of "Unique," which its author has bestowed upon it, because, to our own personal knowledge, it falls far short of accomplishing what was justly expected of it. Mr. Morais speaks of Mordcai Manuel Noah, when, in fact, the eminent Israelite to whom he refers, was named Mordcai, *Menasse* Noah. If Mr. Morais will take the trouble to go to the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, he will find that the "Memorial" (we suppose he meant the corner-stone) which Major Noah made the foundation of "Ararat, a city of Refuge for the Jews, etc.," so far from "having crumbled to dust" is still extant, and is deposited in the rooms of the society which we have mentioned. No other "Memorial" ever existed. His entire sketch is unreliable in many other particulars, and so are many of the others contained in the "Unique" volume.

No reference whatever is made of many prominent Israelites whose lives have been identified with the history of this Republic. Why does the author pass over in silence such eminent Israelites as the Seixas, Riveras, Lopez of Newport, R. I.? Why does he not give even a passing notice to the Cohen's of Baltimore, Md.; the Nathan's and others of Charleston, S. C.; the Solomon's of Savannah, Ga.; Gratz's of Kentucky? The book fails to mention Judge Philip J. Joachimsen of New York, the real founder of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of that city, and one who did as much as either Peixotto or Wolf towards enlightening the active interposition of this Government in favor of our co-religionists in Roumania, and who is the author of a number of valuable and interesting essays in the *Albany Law Journal*, and whose patriotism induced him to raise, at his own expense, the 59th N. Y. Vols. during the late war. Senator Benjamin, who is the author of at least one law book, viz: *On Sales*, which is cited as authority in all Courts of Law, both in England and the United States; Senators Yule and Jonas; Governors Solomons—both of Wisconsin and Washington Territory—Emanuel B. Hart of New York; H. M. Herman of Kansas, whose pen has contributed many valuable law books, which are daily quoted in the Courts; Lieut. Michaelson, who has placed science under valuable obligations, by having invented an instrument by which the velocity of light can now be accurately measured. What tear has the author dropped over the grave of Lieut. Col. Henry Newman of Brooklyn, N. Y.—mortally wounded at Antietam, and brevetted a Brigadier General on the field of that battle, for bravery which cost him his young life? What mention has been made of Joseph B. Nones of New York, who was a midshipman on Commodore Decatur's flagship in the war waged by us with Tripoli to release Christians, held as slaves by the Bey of that country, and who bears, to this day, wounds received while defending the flag of his country? Where is Frank and the "hero of Memphis," during the yellow fever scourge of 1873, whose acts of mercy ought to make his name immortal on history's bright page? So we might go on, taking up column after column of our paper to lay bare the inaccuracies and omissions of Mr. Morais, but we think that further comment is unnecessary to demonstrate the carelessness of the compiler.

Messrs. Edward Stern & Co., the publishers, deserve commendation for the excellent appearance of the book, both in its typographical beauty and superior finish, equaling the best productions in the bookmaker's line. With all its manifest omissions, *Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century* should find a place in every Jewish home, and should be quickly added to the libraries throughout the land.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this column of general interest, communications upon subjects contained therein will be gladly received, and impartially treated.

O. K. S. B.

Har-Hamoriah Lodge, No. 3, paid a fraternal visit to Rehoboth Lodge, No. 9, in a body, last Monday night. After the adjournment the brethren enjoyed a collation, spread by Rehoboth for their guests.

I. O. F. S. I.

The quarterly meeting of the Pioneer Lodge was held Tuesday evening last. The increase in membership of this lodge is very gratifying, large accessions being made at each meeting. The following officers were elected to serve during the next term of six months: Julius Steinburger, President; Joseph Topitz, Vice President; A. Goldsmith, Recording Secretary; S. Bachrach, Financial Secretary; L. A. Morgenstern, Treasurer; B. M. Guinzburger, O. G.; B. J. Triest, H. Friedlander and Newton Phillips, Trustees.

Chebra Berih Shalome.

At a meeting held of the above Chebra on Sunday last, June 6th, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year: President, S. Patek; Vice-President, R. S. Calish; Secretary, Louis Licht; Treasurer, A. P. Craner. Trustees: F. Seligman, L. Elias, M. Williams, Th. Cohn; Messenger, M. Louis; Physician, Dr. H. J. Smith; Druggist, Mr. Flatow; Surgeon, Th. Blodes.

Knights of Pythias.

A new star in the Pythian Order, "Syracuse Lodge, No. 58," was instituted last Friday evening by Grand Chancellor S. L. Terry and the Grand Lodge officers, assisted by Golden Gate Lodge, No. 3. The new Lodge is composed of thirty-four charter members, who elected the following officers to serve for the first term: Wm. Kierski, P. C.; J. Kaplan, C. C.; P. Trommlitz, V. C.; J. Davis, Prelate; M. S. Meyer, K. of R. and S.; M. D. Wittgenstein, M. of F.; Manheim Marks, M. of E.; D. W. C. Nesfield, M. of A.; M. Silverstein, I. G.; M. Ehrenwerth, O. G.; Dr. M. Livingston, Medical Examiner.

STOCKTON, CAL.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. M. S. Levy, lectured by invitation at the synagogue, upon the subject of "Israel's Mission." The building was well filled by an audience of which many were non-Jews. The lecturer spoke without notes, and for three-quarters of an hour held his hearers spell-bound with his concise reasoning and magical eloquence. A report of the lecture was prepared by our correspondent, but we are advised that it was mislaid or lost, which we exceedingly regret since we should gladly have given it space in these columns. The community was so highly pleased with the reverend gentleman's effort, that he was urged to repeat the lecture; with what result we have not heard. The services at the synagogue were made additionally interesting by a vocal solo, happily chosen and rendered by Miss Jennie Rosenthal.

The same day, Rev. Mr. Levy attended a session of Hope Lodge, I. O. B. B., and made a strong appeal to the members to enroll themselves as contributors to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum. Twenty-two of the members present answered the appeal, and immediately paid their first month's dues. Mr. Levy is indeed a missionary among his people, and for his people.

The young ladies and gentlemen gave a pleasant informal dance at Turner Hall, Sunday night.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

REV. M. S. LEVY of San Jose, was announced to lecture before the I. O. B. B. Lodge of this city last night.

WHEN a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues. And if he is found to be untruthful most other virtues are near at hand.

Boots and Shoes a la Mode.

Where can I get good shoes? is a question daily asked by thousands, and if satisfactorily answered they should be very grateful, for in these pinching times when money is scarce a place where good work can be guaranteed and where the prices are in accordance with the times, should be known to all. At the establishment of the Messrs. Lesser Brothers, 838 Market street, can be obtained any description of Boots and Shoes, of both home and foreign manufacture, and from the very large assortment of goods in their stock, the most fastidious can be pleased. Messrs. Lesser Brothers have stores in various sections of the city, and by a system of square, honest dealing with patrons, they have been rewarded with large success, their new Market street store having been opened in obedience to the demand of their down-town patrons. Purchasers are cordially invited to call and compare.

The States.

NEW YORK.—A training school for Jewish nurses is the latest.

SINCE the opening of the Metropolitan Art Museum last April, it has been visited by 410,000 persons.

Dr. J. SOLIS COHEN of Philadelphia, was elected President of the Laryngological Society.

A LARGE number of Jewish students are attending the University Law School this season.

THE *Hebrew Leader* takes the initiative in advocating the establishment of a Jewish Free Rabbi Society.

LARGE numbers of Jewish emigrants are crowding the offices of the United Hebrew Charities in search of aid and information.

THE distribution of the Betty Bruhl prizes at the assembly rooms of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum took place on the 2nd inst., and was the occasion of much happiness to the orphans as well as those participating in the ceremonies.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Mr. Samuel M. Heyneman, has been unanimously elected President of the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

THE Jewish Hospital Association at its recent meeting, reports the condition of the institution to be healthful and prosperous.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Meyer Gutheim, son of Rev. J. K. Gutheim is one of the recent graduates of the University of Louisiana.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Rev. Dr. Max Schleisinger of Albany, N. Y., lectured before the Sinai Congregation in English and German, June 6th and 7th respectively.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Among the forty-one graduates of the American Medical College of this city, were several Israelites from abroad. The graduating exercises took place on June 1st.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—Hon. A. M. Summerfield, a co-religionist, is a candidate for Attorney General of the State.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Rev. Dr. Sonnenstein of this city, recently assisted in the closing exercises of the State University, delivering the Baccalaureate sermon, this being the first instance in the history of the University, that a Jewish clergyman has taken part in the closing festivities of the institution. The Doctors sermon—Subject: "Life of the Student and Success of the Scholar," was of course the feature of the day.

Foreign.

England.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Adolph Liebschutz, Treasurer of the Liverpool New Hebrew Congregation, died on the 8th. He was a pious, liberal-minded Jew, and a generous supporter of the synagogue and local charities. The funeral was attended by the Executive and members of both the congregations of Liverpool. He was one of the oldest members of the Lodge of Israel (1502).

LONDON.—The *Law Times* in referring to the proposed candidature of Sir George Jessel, the Master of the Rolls for the representation of the London University in the House of Commons, says: "In however dignified way he were elected, the Master of the Rolls would still be a partisan politician in the House of Commons. A much better way of recognizing his high claims could be found than asking him to drink of the dregs of a legal policy some time overturned. If Jews are to be admitted to the House of Lords, no better representative of his descent and religion could be found than Sir George Jessel to be the first to enter its doors as a peer."

BIRMINGHAM.—At a bazaar held in this city in aid of the Queen's Hospital, the Jewish community took a very active part. Among the numerous donors, we mention Sir Moses Montefiore, whose check, filled by his own hand, was photographed and sold in the hall. The stall presided over by Jewish ladies netted £800, being £200 in excess of any other.

THE Jewish Workmen's Club of London, have this year, for the fourth time, won the chess trophy at the Lowenthal Memorial Chess tournaments at the city city Chess Club, over all the competing Metropolitan Workmen's Clubs.

Germany.

THE oldest firm of printers is stated to be the family of Jacob in Orleans. This office, according to the *Gutenberg Journal*, was founded in 1480; it passed in 1687 into the hands of Isaac Abraham Jacob, and has been left from father to son until the present owner, George S. Jacob.

BERLIN.—The Royal Library at Berlin has purchased from the Consistorium at Erfurt some ancient Hebrew MSS., amongst which are some valuable Biblical codices, for the sum of £250; the Erfurt authorities refused previously an offer of £600 for the same MSS. from England, not wishing them to become the property of a foreign country.

THE Jewish Benevolent Society at Frankfurt-on-the-Main received during the previous year an income exceeding 48,000 marks.

THE Anti-Semitic League of Berlin is fast approaching its collapse. Its members have already dwindled down to the insignificant number of twelve.

At the sitting of the Imperial Parliament on the 4th inst., Herr Guenther, Deputy of Norenbreg, condemned in strong terms the attacks which have been made on the Jews, and expressed his wish

that the instigators should be proceeded against with the same severity as had been dealt out to the Socialists.

Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA.—In order to prevent any further excesses against the Jews at Alexandria in consequence of the false charge recently brought against them of having used Christian blood, Baron de Menasse offered to pay for some time, from his own pocket, the expenses of an entire regiment of soldiers. A regiment has therefore been sent to Alexandria to protect the Jews.

Italy.

THE death of the venerable Grand Rabbi of Padua, and of the young Grand Rabbi of Ferrara, have been closely followed by the death of the Grand Rabbi of Reggio, the Chevalier Giuseppe Lattes.

Austro-Hungary.

THERE are at present 20,413 Jewish soldiers, exclusive of officers, in the Austrian Army. Great distress prevails during recent times at Freuden (Hungary) and its vicinity. Towards relieving the misery which it has caused, a co-religionist, Ritter Von Popper, has distributed the munificent sum of 80,000 gulden. The Austrian daily papers mention that a Jew was recently murdered by a couple of peasants, who at once made the magistrate acquainted with the affair, under the belief that they would not be severely punished, as the murdered man was only a Jew.

THE Emperor of Austria has granted an hereditary patent of nobility to Commercial Counselor Eugene Landau, of Berlin, in recognition of his services for relieving the distressed sufferers from the inundations at Szegedin last year.

Austria.

VIENNA.—The Rabbi of Vienna, Dr. M. Gudemann has written a book on the history of the method of Education and of the culture of the Jews in France and Germany, from the 10th to 14th centuries, of which the *Athenaeum* says: "In the history of the Jews nothing is more interesting than the progress of their schools and of their literary productions; as to their political history in the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, it is scarcely more than an enumeration of persecutions, massacres, exiles, and barbarous oppressions. The author, with the help of an immense number of MSS. and printed documents, succeeds in giving a clear picture of the Jews' schools in France and Germany from their climax to their decadence, when Maimonides and his philosophy were nearly prohibited. We may recommend more especially the chapters in which Dr. Gudemann treats of the influence of the Crusades on the culture of the Jews, their superstitious beliefs, and, above all, the education and position of the female sex. The third part of Dr. Gudemann's work will have for its subject 'The Jews in Italy.'"

Bulgaria.

THE situation of the Jews of Bulgaria is daily becoming more secure; they enjoy more liberty, equality with their fellow-citizens of other creeds, and have on several occasions exercised their electoral rights. Three Jews have even become candidates for membership of the Chamber of Deputies.—M. Gabriel Almosnino, who had already received the title of Grand Rabbi of Sofia has just been promoted to the post of Grand Rabbi of the whole of Bulgaria, and his appointment has been confirmed by the reigning Prince. This is not the first mark of esteem and favor which M. Almosnino has obtained from the Government. On the occasion of the late Passover holidays, he applied and obtained for the Jewish soldiers permission to spend the festival with their families. The Jewish population, therefore seize with eagerness every opportunity of displaying their sentiments to Prince Alexander, and on his Highness's return from Russia, the entire Jewish community of Sofia turned out to meet the Prince, together with the pupils of the Jewish schools, who sang in his honor a cantata composed for the occasion, whilst a lad presented the Prince with a congratulatory address at his providential escape at the attempted destruction of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The Prince, a few days later, warmly expressed his acknowledgments to the Grand Rabbi, and gave renewed assurances of his assistance in promoting the prosperity of the schools and the welfare of the Jewish community.

The Jews in Russia.

The special correspondent of *The American Hebrew*, sends that paper the following circular, in connection with the expulsion of the Jews from Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Russia, May 11, '80. I hasten to send you a copy of a "private" circular issued by M. Mekoff, the Minister of the Interior, and to all the Governors of the Empire. Here it is:

CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR. Addressed by the Minister of the Interior, M. Mekoff, to the Governors of the Empire, July 15, '80.

MONSIEUR LE GOUVERNEUR: By my circular of the 11th of June, 1879, I have invited your Excellence to give me full information concerning all the Israelites of your Government who exercised the profession of artesian, workmen and apprentices.

From intelligence which has reached me, I learn that several Governors have made this a pretext to immediately expulse all the Jews dwelling in those provinces where they are by law interdicted, without first having reference to the provisions of the law.

In calling your attention to these facts, I have the honor to request, Monsieur le Gouverneur, that in future you will expel no Jews from your province, not even those who are by law interdicted from res-

idence therein, without first obtaining a previous order from the Ministry of Interior.

MEKOFF.

Minister of the Interior. It will be seen from this so-called "Confidential" circular, but which has been communicated by telegraph throughout Europe, that the Government seeks to escape from the tremendous odium its barbarous expulsion of the Jews has evoked, and to throw the responsibility upon certain of its subordinates.

This is a mere delusion and a sham. It is the result of two causes:

First, The indignation and protest of the civilized world.

Second, (and more particularly) the necessity at this moment of Jewish money to secure a new Russian loan of 15,000,000!

I believe that Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris, has told his friend, Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador to France, that "unless the order expelling the Jews was revoked, he would have no part or parcel in securing the money!"

The Council of the order of Advocates (something like our Bar Association), have just elected as members, Mr. Passova, an Israelite, and Mr. Stassoff, recently exiled on account of his supposed relations with the Nihilists. These elections are considered as a protest against certain acts of the Government, and have produced considerable excitement.

ABOU BEN ADAM.

Two Famous Prisons.

One of the first places a stranger inquires for on visiting London is the Tower. Every foot of ground within its walls, every stone on that ancient structure, is associated with events, some of them the most thrilling to be found in English history. Crossing the drawbridge under the old portcullis, you pass on the river-side the "traitor's gate"—never opened except to admit those charged with treason. To reach the "White" or main tower, you pass under an arch which supports the "bloody tower," which derives its name from its being the place where the young prince was smothered at the instigation of the Duke of Gloucester. They point out a spot beneath a stairway where their remains were found centuries after. You are admitted to the cell where the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh passed twelve years of confinement, to be released at last by the sharp edge of the axe and block. Both are still preserved and shown to the visitors. Passing from the main tower to the chapel, you tread upon soil that has been saturated with some of the best and purest blood which ever flowed through English veins. Wallace, Argyle, Raleigh, Hastings and Leicester, with scores of others famous in English and Scotch history, were beheaded on this spot. Here, also, was the gentle and lovely Lady Jane Grey, in her seventeenth year, and the young and beautiful wives of the monster Henry VIII., beheaded.

In Paris "La Place de Bastille" marks the spot where once stood the famous prison of that name, quite as celebrated in many respects as the Tower of London. Probably more suffering, misery and injustice were inflicted within those walls than any structure erected. To offend the despotic government of France or any of its satellites, was to be immured without charge, trial or conviction in its dungeons, to be released only by death. When the people of Paris, oppressed beyond endurance, rose in their might and overthrew the government, almost the first cry was, "To the Bastille!" Led on by the gallant Lafayette, the place was assaulted and soon razed to the ground. A few years since the figure of a huge elephant, nearly thirty feet high stood upon the spot. Now the Column of July, erected to commemorate the revolution which placed Louis Philippe upon the throne, occupies the site.—*Boston Herald.*

Is Death Painless?

The best medical authorities have about agreed that the last moments of a dying man are comparatively free from pain, and William Hunter, the greatest of English physiologists, upon his deathbed, as he felt his end approaching, said: "If I could grasp a pen I would write how easy a thing it is to die." But the last gasps, the stiffening of the muscles, the death rattle, are they painless? Is death really a cessation of pain? These are questions that are yet unanswered. No man has ever taken the fatal step to come back and relate his experience. Death from strychnine poisoning is generally supposed to be the most painful of all deaths. The agonies of the terrible tetanic spasms have been pictured as most horrible.

But the poisoning is not always attended by suffering. C. C. Cook, the special State House policeman and night watchman, it will be remembered, took a dose of strychnine by mistake about a month ago. He was found in the State Library, lying upon the reading table, perfectly unconscious, his back arched and his head almost reaching his heels, in a violent tetanic convulsion. Medical aid was summoned, and after three hours of pumping and rubbing, during which time he was knotted in spasms, he recovered. His first request was for a chew of tobacco, and in an hour's time he was apparently in his customary health, and with the exception of a feeling of soreness in his muscles, he felt comparatively well. He slept remarkably sound that night, and got up in the morning none the worse of the evening's blunder. He described his sensation upon the occasion to a *News* reporter this morning:—"After I had taken the stuff I walked down the street to the Metropolitan Theatre and took a seat. I had hardly settled myself when I felt so strangely. I was hot all over; grew dizzy and lightheaded; everything turning white, and I felt so queer that I got up and walked down stairs. I went to the State Library and lay down on the reading table. That was the last

I knew until I was brought to. I didn't suffer a particle of pain; not a bit. After I came to I asked for tobacco, got up and walked around, and if I hadn't been a little weak and sore I would have felt better than I do now. It is an experience I don't want to have again, though. There is too much danger in it to suit me." A prominent physician and a professor in the medical college was talked to about the case, and gave it as his opinion that it was very remarkable. The absence of pain does not occur more than once in a thousand cases.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Ruins of Babylon.

The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Babylon in April cannot call it desolate. The date groves and gardens, along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cross it here and there, and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre, which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries; but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuild. Birds sing overhead in the spring air; balmy odors regale the senses. It is difficult, under the circumstances to feel as one perhaps, ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered the ground; for nature makes its grave beautiful.

That Span New Umbrella.

If all the flustered grandpas and grandmas knew how much they contributed to the humor of common life and the keen enjoyment of children by the fun they innocently make while hunting for their spectacles while they are all the time perched on their heads, they would often be quite reconciled to such mistakes. A victim of the same description was a good old lady who had just finished her shopping in one of the Boston dry goods stores.

"There!" she cried, in an excited voice; "I should like to know what's become of that ambril! I set it up again the counter when I come in, and afore I could turn round it's gone—and it was only on a Monday that I gin four and six for it."

"What kind of an umbrella was it, ma'am?" asked the polite clerk in his blandest tones.

"A spick and span new gingham, young man," was the eager response, "with an iv'ry handle on't and a—"

"Like the one in your hand, ma'am, for instance?"

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed. And one might have thought she saw a serpent rather than her own "spick and span gingham," with its "iv'ry handle" clutched fast in her hand. She colored, up like a druggist's window, and went off amidst unintelligible excuses. She never felt so flustered in all her born days, as she told Jimmie Ann when she got home.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHITEWASHED BABIES.—A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white rush. Contentions rose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Don't shoot with an empty gun. If you do, although the detonation may be loud and deafening, no execution will be done. Do not overcharge your piece, lest you explode it and injure yourself. This is sometimes the case. If you are not an experienced marksman, do not attempt to shoot your game on the wing. Let it settle, otherwise you may waste your ammunition. Repeaters are not the best, perhaps, for ordinary use. Better see that there are sights on your gun, and then take proper aim, or else you may do mischief when you don't intend it. Be careful to have the right end of your gun toward you, if you wish to shoot again. Upon the whole, you had better be careful of guns; they are dangerous things sometimes when there are many of them about in either experienced or inexperienced hands.—*Selected.*

On the night of June 11th, a very dark, foggy night, two steamers, the *Stonington* and *Narragansett*, came in collision on Long Island sound. The *Narragansett* took fire, and sunk in a very few minutes. About 300 passengers were on board, of whom 30 or more were lost. Somebody terribly blundered. Nowhere are we safe, except in God's keeping.

Eastern.

It is stated upon competent authority that 150 miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad west of the Missouri river, will be ready for business this summer; the 195 mile stretch from Bismarck to the Yellowstone will be ready for rolling stock next fall.

Secretary of the Navy, Thompson, is daily expected to arrive at this Coast. If he is not here within the present week there is every probability of his coming out in company with President Hayes, who is expected about the middle of July. An excursion party of 150 persons is to leave Chicago on the 1st of July next for San Francisco.

JERSEY CITY (N. J.), June 14.—A train on the Pennsylvania Road to-day ran from Philadelphia to this place, ninety miles, in ninety-three minutes, stopping four times and slowing up twice, to cross the bridges.

A terrible flood is reported in Wisconsin, destroying over \$1,000,000 worth of property. Also fearful storms in New Hampshire, Ohio, Indiana, and other parts of the East. A thankful people we ought to be.

LAUGHTER.—Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say with Titus we have "lost a day," if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God," exclaimed Rebelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his deathbed. "If I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

An honest man takes delight in doing good.

BIGOTRY murders religion, to frighten fools with their ghosts.

He who declares all men knaves, convicts at least one.

Words are the daughters of the mind, but actions are the sons of the soul.

As a bird wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.

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Phenix, of New York.

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Insurance Co. of the State of Pa.

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MRS. E. PEISER,

121 Sixth St., San Francisco, bet. Minna and Howard streets.

Where you can have them well and stylishly made at very reasonable prices. Cutting and fitting a specialty. Patterns sent to measure.

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Cigars by the Box at Jobbing Rates.

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Fine Art Goods,

Such as

GLASS SHADES, PAPER PARTOUTS,

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WINDOW CORNICES, FANCY BASKETS,

Paints, Pallets, Fans, Shells, Etc.,

For Decorating.

ALSO,

Elegant Steel Engravings,

AND NEW PATTERNS OF PICTURE FRAME MOLDINGS.

Bush Street Theater.

CHARLES E. LOCKE, Proprietor.

SEATS MAY BE SECURED TO JUNE 25th.

Every Evening Excepting Sunday; MATINEE SATURDAYS.

BOCCACCIO: BOCCACCIO: BOCCACCIO:

Embracing the following cast of artists:

EMILE MELVILLE, MISS PLAISTED, TOM CASSELL, MISS DANFORTH, F. J. MCCARTHY, MAX-FREEMAN, J. W. JENNINGS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

MR. GUSTAV HINRICHS, Musical Director.

Music by Suppe, composer of Fatanita. Libretto by Genes, author and composer of Royal Middy.

The Tivoli Gardens.

(Edly St., bet. Market and Mason.)

KEELING BROS., Proprietors.

J. M. NAVONI, Musical Director.

This evening, and every other evening until further notice, OFFENSACH'S BEAUTIFUL COMIE OPERA in four acts.

LA PERICHOLE, LA PERICHOLE, LA PERICHOLE.

Miss HATTIE MOORE as Perichole

HARRY GATES as Don Andres

FRED. BORNEMANN as The Old Prisoner

POPE COOKE as Three Cousins, Court Ladies, Courtiers, Peruvians, Indians, Guards, etc.

Incident to Act I.

A BEAUTIFUL BIRD BALLET.

—BY THE—

ALLEN SISTERS.

TO THE PUBLIC!

J. M. BRUNSWICK

BALKE CO.

Take great pleasure in announcing that they have thrown open their immense

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653 and 655 MARKET STREET,

WHERE

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LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK

—OF—

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On the Pacific Coast,

INCLUDING THEIR CELEBRATED TABLES,

Monarch, Nonpareils &

Eclipses,

ALL SUPPLIED WITH THE MONARCH CUSHIONS, the Standard of the World, and upon which several experts will give Exhibition Shots and demonstrate the superiority of the above Tables over all others now made here or elsewhere in the United States.

Attention is here called to the large number of Tables to be found among their stock especially made for families desiring something elegant and at reasonable prices—this firm making a specialty of this line of goods.

All Tables, etc., Will Be Sold at Lowest Eastern Prices.

No fancy or exorbitant price is charged by them, as has been the case previously with other houses in this city.

Also bear in mind, the Cushions of this firm are better adapted to climatic influences than any other now made, and do not rust through the dampness of this Coast and lose their elasticity, as is so often the case with cushions made of wire by rival manufacturers.

MR. EMANUEL BRUNSWICK, one of the senior members of the firm and Manager of the Branch in this city, will be present, and will not only take great pleasure in showing visitors around, but also in explaining everything on billiard matters that may be asked of him.

Don't fail to visit the Warerooms of

The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, Friday, June 18, 1880.

Apple Blossoms.

One Monday morning in May, when Mr. Castor, of the law firm of Castor & Brush, entered his office, he found on his desk a bunch of fragrant white flowers with that delicate flush at the heart that makes apple blossoms so irresistible.

"Apple blossoms, sir," his clerk explained. "I spent Sunday in the country, and brought them down thinking you might like to see some."

Mr. Castor's preoccupied face lighted up with pleasure. "Thank you, Mr. Clark," he said. "Get some water, will you, John? We must keep them as fresh as we can. I shall want to take some home to my wife to-night. There; that looks quite country-like, doesn't it, Clark?" arranging the blossoms to advantage against the law-books and falling back a little to look at the effect.

Clark smiled, and Mr. Castor went to work at his law cases. But something was the matter with him. His thoughts would go wandering off to the green meadow by the side of the river where Clark told him he had broken the fragrant branch.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, "whether it is anything like the meadow where—pshaw! what am I thinking of! In a case of ejectment—wonder if I could sing 'Annie Laurie'—used to know that tune. And he hummed softly to himself:

"Gave me her promise true."

Just as the door was thrown violently open and John Edson, the most quarrelsome man in New York, as his friends and enemies both agreed, burst in.

"What's the matter now, Mr. Edson?" asked Mr. Castor, rising to offer his client a seat.

"Matter? Matter enough, sir! But if he thinks I'm going to submit to be robbed by his knavery, he'll find himself very much mistaken! My brother, sir, my own brother—think of that, sir—is trying to cheat me out of my share of our paternal property. I want you to take steps immediately to stop his proceedings. He threatens to bring in a bill against the estate that will swallow up every cent—but what's that? Apple blossoms! Where did you get those?"

"Mr. Clark brought them down this morning. Sweet, though rather out of place in a lawyer's office, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Edson, thoughtfully, taking up the tumbler and smelling the fragrant things. "Where did these grow?"

"Up in a little country village in Connecticut. Clark is from the country, you know, and I should think from his descriptions it's quite a pretty place. Green meadows and river, you know, all that sort of thing. But what do you want me to do?"

"Wait a minute, can't you?" said Mr. Edson, impatiently. "You lawyers are always in such a tearing hurry."

Mr. Castor raised his eye-brows but made no verbal answer to his rather inconsistent remark, while Mr. Edson leaned back in his chair and looked at the apple blossoms. In a minute he started up and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It makes me think of old times," he said. "I nearly broke my neck once climbing an old apple-tree for blossoms like that to give to Lucy Baird, the prettiest girl in school. I fell from the top branch, and my brother, I never had but one, sir, picked me up and carried me home. He was real good to me all the long time I was sick, too. I think he'd have died for me then, and just to think that now we should be quarreling over a few hundred dollars! Castor, you needn't do anything about this matter—just yet, at least. I—I guess I'll go see him. And say, 'rather shyly'—you couldn't spare me a little twig with a few of those blossoms on it, could you?"

Mr. Castor willingly broke off a branch and handed it to him, but he watched Mr. Edson's departure with a comical smile on his countenance.

"Those apple blossoms are doing and work in this office," he said laughingly to Clark. "I've lost one promising case through them already, and as for keeping my own mind on anything legal it's an utter impossibility. It's quite evident to my mind that law and flowers were never meant to go together. I think I'll take them home to my wife before they do any more mischief."

But as he turned to go out of the office door he saw the office boy eyeing his bunch wistfully.

"Here, John, would you like a spray?" he asked kindly, and without waiting for the eager answer he saw on the boy's lips he tossed him one. Then he ran down the office-steps humming again the tune that had haunted him that morning. He looked so pleasant as he stood at the street corner waiting for his car, that a ragged little girl who saw him ventured to ask:

"Please, mister, what is them posies?"

"Apple blossoms."

"Does they grow on trees that has apples on?"

"Yes."

"Oh my! wouldn't I like to see 'em once! Say, mister, would you give me a little one?"

"Yes, here, child," breaking off another little branch and giving it to her. He watched her from the car window take off her old hat and stow away her treasure in that, and then, clasping it close to her breast, set off on a run down toward the lower part of the city.

When he reached home and gave the branch to his wife, her faded, peevish face relaxed into a smile that was almost sweet as she took them from his hand.

"Apple blossoms!" she said. "How

beautiful they are! Do you remember, Daniel, the apple blossoms that we gathered thirty years ago?" and in another minute he and she together were recalling old times and associations, until the years that lay between their apple blossom times and now had dropped away, and the light and glory of passed days once more shed itself upon the gray hairs of the husband and the faded cheek of the wife.

The ragged little girl meanwhile ran on for quite a little way till she came to one of those narrow, filthy courts crowded with tenement houses, and steaming with horrible odors in the warm May sunshine. She entered one of these tenement houses and ran lightly up the steps to her especial domain, a little room where, besides herself, only Biddy Macarthy with her husband and baby lived. Biddy was sitting near the window rocking the baby in her arms when the child entered.

"Whisht, Meg! The baby's awful sick."

"Don't he get any better, Biddy?" asked Meg, creeping softly to her side.

"No, he don't. Oh, if I only had him home in the green fields of old Ireland he'd be well entirely; but how can he breathe in this stifling room?"

"Look here, Biddy. See what I've got." And Meg took off her hat and showed the precious spray of apple blossoms. "Do ye think that came from the green fields ye spoke about?"

Biddy gazed at it in wonder and delight. "Oh, the purty things!" she exclaimed. "It's just the picture of those I've seen many's the time growing in the orchards in the old country. Let me take it, Meg."

She held it close to her face, and drank in the fresh, sweet perfume eagerly. Then she put it down to the baby, and he feebly smiled.

"See!" cried Biddy. "He knows the swate thing. He'll get better now. Take it away and put it in water, Meg, and set it where he can see it."

Meg ran off and soon returned with an old blacking bottle full of water, into which she stuck the precious twig. Then she sat down to look at it and listened to Biddy's tales of the "old country," till night came, and she had to go to bed; but she slept with one hand on the bottle in which her treasure was.

About midnight she was roused from strange dreams of great forests of beautiful posies like hers, by the shrill cry of terror and agony.

She started up calling "Biddy! Biddy! what is it?" and was answered by the cry, "Oh, my baby, my baby! My baby's dead!" and the low moan of anguish from the stricken mother. She did the best she could to comfort her, but what could a child do for a broken heart?

The next day the body was ready for the funeral. The mother sat on the floor beside the little pine coffin in stony despair when Meg crept softly up and laid her cherished branch, now reduced to two faded blossoms, and one just bursting pink bud, in the baby's hand. Biddy looked up and burst into tears. "God bless you, Meg," she sobbed. "Shure, there's lots of blossoms where he is now, the darlint; but it's I that's going to see those purty posies in his little hand. Oh my baby! my baby!"

Mr. Edson, for his part, went down to his brother's office and entered with a little hesitation. The brother, a man older than Edson, with one of those stern, self-repressed faces which say as plainly as words could, "I've had a hard life, and I don't care a cent about you; I'll have what I can get; whether you suffer or not," started as Edson came in. His eyes rested an instant longingly on the apple blossoms; but the next moment he drew back asking coldly, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, George," answered Edson, fidgeting the flowers awkwardly. "I came to see about that matter—that—that property, you know. It's a pity we should quarrel about it, and—and—well, I don't care. You're the oldest and had the hardest row to hoe always, and I guess likely there was fully my share spent on me when I was in college; and see here, old fellow, I'll do whatever you say if you'll speak to your lawyer and send him to my office."

There was a moment's silence, and the younger Edson, looking down, saw his brother put his hand to his throat as if he were choking. The next moment the older spoke almost as awkwardly as his brother had done.

"It wasn't the money I cared for, but—but I wanted the old place. I—well, I had some old associations with it."

The younger brother started. Associations? What associations of pleasure could George have with the old place? There were none, there could be none, except those with Lucy Baird, who had been for one short year his own wife, now laid away in Greenwood. He sprang forward. "George, did you care for her? You could have won her if you had tried, and you knew it. She cared for me first because I was your brother. Did—do you mean to say you gave up the chance of winning her for me?"

For a minute or two the Edsons might as well have been a couple of Frenchmen meeting after a long separation. The elder was the first to recover himself.

"There, there, John," he said, in exactly the same way he used to speak when they were boys together. "I've been hard—but you see I never had a wife to soften me, and I intended to pay you for your share of the property at first, but—well, it's no use talking it over. Of course you didn't know, but I kept thinking you might have known if you wanted to. But there, never mind that now. Did you know that Midland Bonds are going up? I'll make a good thing out of them yet."

"I can't stay," answered Edson, opening the door. "But I'll see you again. Come up to dinner with me, won't you?"

"I will," answered his brother heartily, and with a cordial handshake they parted.

The younger brother went straight home and put the precious branch of apple blossoms, which had been a divining-rod to him, showing him where the richest treasure of a brother's love lay hidden, into a glass and set it where he could see it often.

The oldest as he turned to his desk again saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathered them up and laid them reverently in his pocket-book.

THE JEWISH TIMES: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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The oldest as he turned to his desk again saw three petals lying on the floor. He hesitated a moment, then stooped and quickly gathered them up and laid them reverently in his pocket-book.

FOR RENT.
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